O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.
Fid. Why hearts ease?
Pet. O Musitians, because my heart it selfe playes, my heare is full of woe.
O play me some merry dump to comfort me.
Min. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
Min. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will give you the Minstrell.
Min. Then will I give you the serving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving creatures dagger on your pate.
I will carry no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you:
Doe you note me?
Min. And you Re us and Fa us, you note us.
2. *M.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit.
I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger;
Answer me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then musicke with her silver sound.
Why silver sound? why musicke with her silver sound? what say you Simon Catling?
Min. Marry sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebicke?
2. *M.* I say silver sound, because Musitians sound for silver.
Pet. Pratee too: what say you James sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer,
I will say for you: it is musicke with her silver sound,
Because Musitians have no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her silver sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

Exit.
Min.

Min. What a pestilent Knave is this?
M. 2. Hang him Jacke, come wee'll in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes Lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest,
When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's *man* Balthazer.

Newes from *Verona?* how now *Balthazer?*
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet?* that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I deny you starres.
Thou know'st my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beseech you sir have patience,
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and doe import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.